

I could move to Idaho, spend the rest of my life
in an airship & still have nothing in writing. At least
the house settles as best it can, no fault of its own
it was built a short stroll from continental slippage.

I can always turn my desk around, let things go
southeast for a while to relieve the strain, balance
things out.
I can pour less coffee in my cup, bolt the typewriter
down,
buy hexagonal pencils.

WAR MOVIE

Pinned down by enemy fire, she lies sunwise
on bikini sand, her brave belly coppertoned
with dud napalm, the firelight so fierce the polaroids
prevent her luscious lids from parting so we can see her
grimace gleaming in the cordite breeze.

Down by the water little brother leads
a platoon & a charmed life at the same time,
handling the BAR, uttering, with deadly accuracy,
explosions in his cheeks as the frisbee 88's
reign around him like a halo
flaring his position with a ring of dead buddies.

What a rotten war! She feels a chill, goosebumps,
fires from the hip clean through the heart
of an armed young man standing in her sun. Infiltrator,
hardly more than a boy, in a stolen uniform,
looking like us, talking like us, sneaking behind
our lines.

The acrid sky darkens. Frogmen are flopping
out of the sea with demolition thighs inconsiderately
sprinkling. Little brother glistens to tunes of glory
with a bayonet in his teeth, a curl bouncing
under his rakish helmet. The grey tonnage is set
to go. Already droplets pock the beach, tiny calibre.

Bodies will soon be dark. Materiel will steam.
Cameramen frown skyward for incoming mail.
The director hollers at the troops between full hands.
With sand on their feet the dead rise up screaming war
cries
& thunder into the water one last time before cut & wrap.